

CARNEGIE

MAGAZINE

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PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

OCT 16 1959

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October 1959

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Exotic Art exhibition weekdays 11:00 A.M. to 5:00 P.M.

Tuesdays and Thursdays to 10:00 P.M.

Sundays 2:00 to 5:00 P.M.

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PITTSBURGH BICENTENNIAL 1958-59

COVER

One of the rarest pieces from the Jay C. Left collection is this mask of jade with obsidian and stone inlay, 7 inches high, probably worn as a pendant. Teotihuacan, first half millennium A.D., Mexico.

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OCTOBER CALENDAR

EXOTIC ART FROM ANCIENT AND PRIMITIVE CIVILIZATIONS

Cycladic, Etruscan, Babylonian, Egyptian, Oceanic, Pre-Columbian, and African art numbering nearly a thousand pieces from the collection of Jay C. Leff, of Uniontown, Pennsylvania, will be shown in the third-floor galleries, opening with a preview the evening of October 15 to mark Founder-Patrons Day. The earliest work is a cave man's drawing, c. 20,000 B.C., and the most recent, dolls from the Caraja tribe of the Amazon, living today in a Stone Age culture. The exhibition will continue through January 3.

Hours are 11:00 A.M. to 5:00 P.M., weekdays except Tuesday and Thursday, when the galleries will be open until 10:00 P.M.; Sundays 2:00 to 5:00 P.M. Admission fee of 25¢ will be charged; children accompanied by adults may enter free.

THE ANCIENT AND PRIMITIVE ARTS

The Junior Council, Women's Committee of the Department of Fine Arts, presents an illustrated lecture series concurrent with exhibition of the Jay C. Leff collection (page 261).

ARCHEOLOGY AND THE BIBLE

Western Theological Seminary and Carnegie Museum are presenting a free lecture series on alternate Wednesday evenings by W. F. Albright, international authority on Biblical archeology (page 260).

LOCAL ARTIST SERIES

Advertising art by Arnold Varga, recently named Art Director of the Year, continues in gallery K through October 25.

FROM THE PRINT COLLECTION

Etchings with aquatint by Georges Rouault for *Réincarnations du Père Ubu*, published by Ambroise Vollard, continue in Gallery J through October 25.

Lithographs by Richard Parkes Bonington (1801-28) will succeed the Rouault illustrations and continue through November 29.

IN THE TREASURE ROOM

Twenty engraved American powder horns lent by James A. Cowan, Jr., continue on exhibition until October 19.

Arts of the Copts, the early native Christians of Egypt, will be shown October 25 through November.

CARNEGIE INSTITUTE SOCIETY LECTURES

Monday evenings in Mt. Lebanon Auditorium

Tuesday evenings in Carnegie Music Hall

Two performances each, 6:30 and 8:30 P.M.

Admission by membership card

October 19, 20—HIGH ADVENTURING

Colonel John D. Craig's color films include a tiger hunt in Vietnam, sail by junk, and salvage diving.

October 26, 27—ALASKA—49TH STATE

Fred Machentanz' native country is subject of his film story—its development, potential, and appeal.

November 2, 3—PARIS AND THE RIVIERA

Curtis Nagel shows new scenes of Paris and the playground of Parisians, with recorded music.

NEW AND TEMPORARY MUSEUM EXHIBITS

Fungi, Bladderwort, Glacier Bear Group, Postal History of Pittsburgh, Lighting Devices, Dolls and The Point, Spearpoint and Potsherd, Ancient Mesopotamia, and model of Khirbat Qumran.

JUNIOR PATRONS OF ART

The creative art group for children of Carnegie Institute Society members (7 to 11 years) opens October 10 and will run Saturday mornings for ten weeks. Fee of \$5.50. Advance registration.

STORY HOUR

Story hour for boys and girls (5 to 12 years) continues at the Library regularly each Saturday at 2:15 P.M.

Story hour (3 to 5 years) on alternate Tuesdays at 10:30 A.M., begins again October 20. Virginia Chase, head of the Boys and Girls Department, will discuss children's literature with the mothers who accompany children on the opening date.

SUNDAY ORGAN RECITALS

Marshall Bidwell resumes his place at the console of the great organ of Music Hall on Sunday afternoons this month, at a newly announced hour of 3:00 to 4:00 o'clock. The Arbuckle-Jamison Foundation sponsors this sixty-fifth season of free organ recitals. The hour is broadcast over WLOA.

The program on the 11th is for young people, and on the 18th Linda Sue Greer, pianist, will assist Dr. Bidwell in the Rachmaninoff *Concerto No. 2*.

November 1, Dr. Bidwell will present a commemorative program of the identical music played by Frederick Archer at the dedication of Music Hall on November 5, 1895. Pittsburgh Chapter of the American Guild of Organists will be special guests at this program.

EXOTIC ART OF THE MAYA AND AZTEC

RUTH J. SNOWDON

On the occasion of the presentation of the Jay C. Leff exhibition, Mrs. Snowdon was asked to write an article relating to one of the great civilizations of Middle America. Mrs. Snowdon is well known in the field as an amateur and enthusiast of Mayan art and archeology.

IF you have seen the rising sun reaching across the violet valley of Oaxaca to wash the acropolis of Monte Albán in a clear peach light, or watched the full moon riding high behind the steep, taut Jaguar Temple of Tikál, you are caught, forever after, in the spell of pre-Columbian times.

In the Mexican and Central American countries you are held, first, by the masses and planes of the great stone pyramids and palaces. Their architects knew well enough how to make true right angles, but they cavalierly ignored them when they pleased, and laid out their temple complexes in shapes and rhythms that followed no sterile rectangles and cubes. You are inspired, too, with admiration for the infinite diversity of smaller arts that adorned their buildings—paintings, carvings in stone, and modeling in plaster. These artists were no neophytes. Sure of line and form, they knew what they were doing.

All this emerges for us out of a shadowy past that is alien in all its concepts—expressing what, we do not know. For the most part, it is surely a deep religious feeling, a placating terror of the acts of the gods. And some of it is surely gay and homely.

Here at Carnegie Institute we are to have for our pleasure and our pondering a cross section of these smaller arts, varied in form and in usage, whose prevenience sweeps from



CIRCULAR PAINTED PLATE
DEPICTING SEATED PRIEST
Terra cotta, 10½ inches in diameter
Maya, Classic, from Campeche
c. A.D. 500

the north to the south of the Central American area. These pre-Columbian objects are one important group in the autumn exhibition of Exotic Art from Ancient and Primitive Civilizations from the collection of Jay C. Leff, of Uniontown, Pennsylvania.

The archeologies of Rome and Egypt, Greece and Mesopotamia, are old stories to us. Our present is built on their past, so we have felt kinship with their development. But Columbus opened strange lands to us. Even though they are now our own, they seem farther away than those across the sea.

Not till 1839 did the gay, intrepid, and precise young traveler, John Lloyd Stephens, push aside the bush of Yucatán and the jungle of Chiapas and introduce Americans to the fantastic treasures they could stumble over if they stepped but a few paces off the beaten track. He wrote engagingly of

his discoveries and stirred a few armchair explorers to explosive action. From his vault in the New York City Marble Cemetery down in the Bowery, across from the tomb of old-time citizen Preserved Fish, he must be smugly smiling at the stream of activity he has initiated.

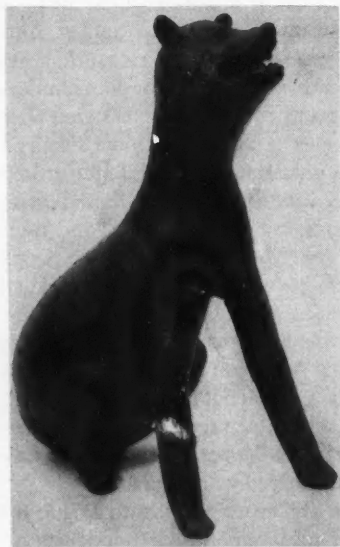
By now the archeologists have moved vast quantities of accumulated humus. They have found beneath these tons of brown earth the relics of a vivid, active, intellectual, and artistic civilization, thriving under the handicaps of climate and ignorance—ignorance of the use of metal tools, of the principle of the keystone, of the wheel—and lacking any burden-bearer but wiry human backs. The forebears of this civilization came wandering across the Bering Strait and, as far back as ten thousand years ago, found mammoths still in residence on the Mexican plateau. The archaic horizon is slowly clearing, but positive dating begins only around the Christian era.

Just as in the world today, the tribes and empires of the pre-Columbian era fought one another like stray bulldogs. But through all the turmoil, they steadily developed a culture of depth and refinement. Astronomer-priests evolved a calendar that could have handily computed the day on which one of their feasts would fall some two hundred million years later. The books and codices of their scholars were systematically

destroyed by Spanish priests in the interests of the propagation of the faith, but some few remain to show us their brilliant format.

The names that have been applied to these pre-Columbian peoples chatter themselves into a staccato melody: Totonac, Olmec, Toltec, Chichimec, Aztec, Zapotec, Mixtec, Maya, Cochlé. With taste and a touch of humor, Jay C. Leff selected for his collection and has now lent the Institute exciting examples from many of these cultures.

A finely wrought jade mask has inlays of deeper green to indicate its painted cheeks. Delicate sea shells are carved like lace to show the forms of gods. Six little ceremonial dancers from archaic times swing in a pottery circle. A little two-faced, three-eyed woman with fat hips, from Tlatilco in the Valley of Mexico, makes us wonder why the archaic gentleman pictured a lady thus. Beautifully modeled "laughing heads" from Veracruz are fine examples of these cheer-



SEATED COYOTE (FEMALE)
Terra cotta, 16 inches
Colima (west coast of Mexico), Classic

Mrs. Snowdon, who is a research associate in the Museum's Section of Man, says she has been irresistibly attracted by archeology all her life, an interest that has been stimulated by numerous trips to Mexico and Middle America, as well as to Peru, Japan, Java, India, and Africa. Her personal library includes some two hundred books on the Mayan civilization. A resident of Fox Chapel and graduate of Vassar, with her family now grown she has for a number of years been doing volunteer work in psychological physics at University of Pittsburgh.



SEATED FEMALE
Terra cotta, 20 inches
Remojadas, from Veracruz
First half of first millenium, A.D.

ful fellows. A large Mayan head of polychrome pottery looks amusingly like the ass's head that fuddled poor Titania. There are flutes, bowls, figures in clay and in stone, palmas, haches, and masks—the variety is endless.

Today with little trouble we can reach the "digs" and magnificent restorations of these cities, some of which were dead when Cortes came, and some of which were very much living concerns. We can climb up rearing pyramids to the dark sanctuaries on their truncated summits and picture the ceremonies of the Mayans: the ruler-priests sweeping headdresses of iridescent quetzal feathers behind them as they themselves climbed the precipitous steps to the urns of copal incense smoking in front of the temple doorways.

Or we can think back to the bloody rites of the Aztec priests who tore the hearts from thousands of victims a year and rolled the bodies down the pyramid steps to the populace below, their tangled black hair clotted with spurted blood. We can wonder, too, who had the right of it—the Aztecs or Cortes, who killed thousands at Cholula alone, as he drove toward Montezuma in his palace at Tenochtitlán.

Far off in the jungles of the Petén in northern Guatemala, the University of Pennsylvania is digging and restoring the greatest and perhaps the earliest of all the known Mayan cities. Tikál, The Place of Whispering Voices, rose to its glory about A.D. 300 and continued into the tenth century along with the other so-called Old Empire cities of the Yucatán peninsula, of Chiapas, and Honduras. Then one by one these powerful, brilliant, ceremonial centers, capitals of their regions, mysteriously folded their wings and receded silently into the mists of the jungle—no one knows why. As with Monte Albán and Teotihuacán farther north, when the Spaniards came, they were forgotten cities, haunted by their ancient, supernatural builders, according to native lore.

In 1895 there came to Tikál to dig and measure and draw the plans of its palaces and temples, the German Teobert Maler, crusty and methodical, but withal given to imaginative exclamation points. He climbed the steep sides of what he indicated as Temple I, but which has recently been dramatically renamed The Temple of the Giant Jaguar. He found on its white plaster walls the strange, unexplained, red imprints of human hands. In his *Memoirs* published by the Peabody Museum of Harvard University, he wrote sadly of the passing of the grandeur south of our border before the white men broke in to annihilate it all:

"I examined those smooth walls very

closely for incised drawings and discovered the roughly, but deeply, incised figure of a dancing devil! It was evidently incised by the hand of an ancient priest after this grand old Maya city was abandoned by its inhabitants, and the contemplation of it aroused a feeling of bitterness and melancholy in the breast of the beholder, and served as a reminder of the transitoriness of all earthly splendor. This devil, showing his teeth in a mocking grin and dancing in the abandoned halls of the proud temples and palaces of Tikál, only proves once more how true it is that whenever human endeavor after fearful struggles has attained to a certain high degree of civilization, it is destined to decline and fall according to an inflexible cosmic law. Thus it was with Babylon and Nineveh, Memphis and Thebes, Carthage and Palmyra, 'the devil is dancing everywhere'—and so will it ever be!"

ARCHEOLOGY AND THE BIBLE

DR. William Foxwell Albright, world's outstanding authority on the Dead Sea Scrolls and Biblical archeology in general, is giving a series of lectures in Lecture Hall at 8:15 o'clock. The dates are October 14 and 28, and alternate Wednesdays through December 16, omitting November 25.

"Archeology and the Bible" is sponsored jointly by Western Theological Seminary and Carnegie Museum, and no admission is charged.

Dr. Albright, who is a visiting professor at Western Seminary this year, is professor of Semitic Languages at Johns Hopkins University. He is former director of the American School of Oriental Research in Jerusalem and author of *From the Stone Age to Christianity* and *The Archeology of Palestine*.

FOUNDER-PATRONS DAY

A RECEPTION for members of Carnegie Institute Society and their friends will be held at the Institute the evening of October 15, marking the sixty-third celebration of Founder-Patrons Day. Preview of the fall exhibit, *Exotic Art from Ancient and Primitive Civilizations* from the collection of Jay C. Leff, will be enjoyed in the third-floor galleries throughout the evening, also.

Refreshments will be served in Sculpture Court. Of especial interest to the women guests will be the two gleaming white Irish linen cloths covering the tables that came from the New York residence of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Carnegie and have been recently acquired by the Institute.

Both cloths are 8 yards by 90 inches, in floral design, and each bears the embroidered monogram ALC—presumably combining the first initials of Andrew and Louise. A small "8" is woven into the underside of the hem, indicating the length. Matching napkins, 27 inches square, are included in the acquisition.

HAVE YOU RENEWED
YOUR MEMBERSHIP IN
CARNEGIE INSTITUTE SOCIETY
FOR THIS SEASON?

THE ANCIENT AND PRIMITIVE ARTS

*A series of illustrated lectures, concurrent
with the exhibition of the Jay C. Leff Collection at Carnegie Institute
sponsored by the Junior Council
of the Women's Committee of the Department of Fine Arts
Thursday evenings at 8:30 P.M., in Carnegie Lecture Hall*

October 22—BILL A. PEARSON, "ARTOHOLIC"

Bill A. Pearson, collector, jockey, and TV personality

October 29—THE AFRICAN IMAGE

Mrs. Webster Plass

Honorary Curator, Department of Ethnography, British Museum
Research Associate, Pennsylvania University Museum

November 5—THE PRE-COLUMBIAN ARTS OF CENTRAL AMERICA

Dr. Stephan F. Borhegyi

Director of the Milwaukee Public Museum

November 12—OCEANIC ART

Dr. Douglas Fraser

Assistant Professor of Fine Arts, Columbia University

November 19—PANEL DISCUSSION

Jay C. Leff

André Emmerich, of André Emmerich Gallery, New York
Jane Powell, of the Brooklyn Museum
Gordon Bailey Washburn

Order slip to be mailed to Mrs. O. H. Gruner III, 6210 Howe Street, Pittsburgh 6

☐ Tickets—Series \$7.50; Single \$2.00.

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EXTINCT PENNSYLVANIA ANIMALS IN THE MUSEUM EXHIBIT, DEADLINE FOR WILDLIFE

THE FLINTLOCK FOREST

JOHN E. GUILDAY

LET'S take a broad brush, dip it in yesterday's colors, and dab it on a western Pennsylvania canvas. (It's a most revealing attribute of all men everywhere that the world really begins with them, no matter what it has been up to before.) So we will paint a buckskin picture, one full of ox yokes and dried herbs and powder horns. Let's paint it on linsey-woolsey with mountain pigments of yellows and browns and reds, and decorate the margin with cornhusk dolls and coontails.

For this was the period of our beginnings in the Upper Ohio Valley of two hundred years ago. We know, but find it more com-

fortable to ignore, the fact that we are merely the latest act in a drama that spirals back into time so far it becomes meaningless: that fossil seashells erode out of Pittsburgh hills 1200 feet above and 500 miles away from the nearest ocean; that the caves of the nearby Appalachians hold the bones of giant cave bear, of jaguars and tapirs, musk oxen and sabre-toothed tigers; or that old Adena mounds, with their buried warriors and crumbling copper breastplates, speak to us an ancient tongue that we cannot understand. What matter these?

We ourselves begin in the forks of the Ohio with Gist, with Washington, Celeron,

Braddock's Defeat, Forbes, and Bushy Run. We began when the first ball of European lead felled the first elk with an impact that still shocks our hills and sees supermarkets and suburbia fill up a land that once knew little but the quiet green of a forest pierced here and there by the thin smokes of Indian camps.

This was wilderness in the truest sense of that word—mile upon mile of it, held at bay here and there with an ax, a yoke of oxen, a long rifle, and a precious hoard of seed.

Just what faced the man of 1759 as he settled in this mountain-and-plateau country of western Pennsylvania? He must do two things if he would survive the first few winters: he must clear and plant, and he must hunt. In doing both, he was intruding into a complex system of checks and balances that had been adjusting since the oak forests first crept northward in a warming land and replaced the spruce and pines of late-glacial times. Here was an integrated community of plants and animals, thousands of years in the molding, that was to come to an abrupt end.

Animals and plants are adjusting today just as they did in 1759. And the world of 1959 is an exciting one for the ecologist. Man is changing the world about him as never before, and the struggles of plant and animal communities to adjust to this are laid bare for all to see. Elk or panther may no longer go down kicking with a lead ball in them, but the principle remains the same.

The western Pennsylvania of 1759 saw the first of this change. In that year, wild turkeys with their long pink legs and their scarlet necks gobbled the length of Mt. Washington. Deer, elk, possibly a few buffalo, grazed in the river flats. But the strategic military importance of the forks of the Ohio overshadowed all else. Game became scarce early as the forest was scoured to feed

the evanescent bands of Indian mercenaries and the fort. The military were too busy to spend much time cataloguing the natural resources of the land they had come to fight in. Colonel George Washington's description of the Great Meadows in Fayette County as "a charming field for an Encounter," will serve as an illustration of the pre-occupation of those days. By the time the wars had swept west, much of the game was gone from the immediate Pittsburgh area.

For the primitive picture, we must get a bushel or two of broken bones from an Indian site in Westmoreland, Somerset, Washington, Greene, or Allegheny County and try to identify each tantalizing fragment. In our bushel of bones, spread at random on a table, we may find a bear claw, a broken elk antler, a crumbling wolf skull, the hollow wingbones of a whistling swan or a stately sandhill crane, raccoon, beaver, otter, gray fox, fisher, skunk, mountain lion, Virginia deer, buffalo-fish, suckers, catfish, hellbenders, turtles, all from a land of plenty. These are some of the animals of the white oak hills of two hundred years ago.

It was a golden forest whose heaping crops of acorns and chestnuts were harvested by hordes of flicking squirrels and great flocks of forest pigeons.

In Forty-Four Years of the Life of a

Mr. Guilday is assistant curator of comparative anatomy at Carnegie Museum. While an undergraduate majoring in zoology at the University of Pittsburgh, he worked on the Pennsylvania Mammal Survey sponsored by Carnegie Museum and the Pennsylvania State Game Commission, then in 1950 joined the Museum's section of vertebrate paleontology. During the past year Mr. Guilday has been working on a large collection of bones from an Early Historic Indian site (c. A.D. 1600) in Lancaster County and also studying bones of extinct mammals dating back to the Ice Age, ten to fifteen thousand years ago, lately found in a sink-hole near New Paris, Bedford County, Pennsylvania.

EXTINCT PENNSYLVANIA
MAMMALS

With date of last known appearance

Bison	1801
Wolverine	1863
Mountain Lion	1871
Elk	1875
Wolf	1890
Marten	?	1903

Hunter by Meshack Browning, first printed in 1846, a telling anecdote is given:

"Having bid good-bye to Wheeling [West Virginia, about 1797], I traveled to my mother's the same night; and meeting with my uncle, he told me that Mr. Foot . . . had offered a dollar a day to any good gunner who would shoot the squirrels that were destroying his corn. The next day we started off to the cornfield before daylight, and as soon as we could see, found ourselves surrounded by the greatest number of squirrels I ever saw, which were running by hundreds in all directions. At them we went, shooting sometimes half a dozen on one tree. . . . We carried away as many as we wished; but after two or three days we left them lay where we shot them; and I think it was on the fifth day that Uncle left me to manage the balance. I continued shooting for nine and a half days, till I could see but one more squirrel, and that was a black one."

Squirrel hordes were as pesky to the frontiersman as tent caterpillars have been this past summer to the suburbanite.

But tent caterpillars don't pull down sheep or colts or calves, and the pioneer had more than squirrels to contend with. The wolf had a bounty on its head in this state for over two hundred years. It took an all-

out campaign to eliminate it, and more than one professional wolfer spent his entire lifetime at the game. In one year in Luzerne County alone, 271 animals were probated for bounty.

Even so, this rugged wild dog was the last large Pennsylvania mammal to become extinct. It survived the elk, the mountain lion, the buffalo, the wolverine, and slowly gave ground to poison, traps, and firearms. But it was the logger's ax cutting the heart out of the wilderness that reduced the range and numbers of the wolf to the point of no return. Sam Rhoads, collecting for Carnegie Museum at Laughlintown in 1898, was to hear rumors of wolves on Laurel Ridge; but by then it was too late.

Philip Tome wrote of the wolf a century ago in *Pioneer Life; or Thirty Years a Hunter* (1858): "I have often seen them watching for fish in the Susquehanna. This river abounds in a kind of fish called the white sucker, which lie in schools near the shore sunning themselves. The wolves come slyly to the water and seize them, sometimes taking two or three before the school escapes into deep water."

But Tome goes on to say: "Lumbering is the staple trade in this part of the country When the business was driven to its extent in 1836-38 he [Guy C. Irwin] frequently sent to market twenty million feet of lumber in a single season, and both shores for a mile above Pittsburgh are sometimes lined with his rafts, waiting for a rise of the water."

So the wolf chorus that Frederick Christian Post heard howling in the hills of what is now Tarentum, in the fall of 1758, was shortly drowned out by the grating of lumber rafts over a riffled bottom.

The great destruction of the forests and increasing persecution by stock-raising settlers resulted in the extinction of the mountain lion as well.

An incident that Samuel Rhoads quotes in his *The Mammals of Pennsylvania and New Jersey* (1903), as reported two years earlier by a writer named Shields, runs:

"On Stony Creek, 12 miles from Johnstown, a Mr. Kauffman and companion found the remains of a mangled sheep from which they tracked a panther to a nearby ledge, from which with dogs, they dislodged it. It took refuge in a cave nearby after being wounded. Digging down to the cave from above, they killed it. This was about the year 1875."

Lions—Allegheny panthers—were found from one end of the state to the other. Solitary, never too common, they, along with the wolves, preyed on deer and elk until the pioneer substituted pigs and sheep or turned his cattle out to graze on what was once elk meadow. Adaptable animals, with that inherent self-assurance of all cats, they denned from the highest mountain ledges to the hollow heart of the lowest streamside sycamore, wherever there were deer to be killed. But the forest shrank from years of ax and fire, deer became ever scarcer, and the settler and his dogs hounded the last Pennsylvania mountain lion to death in the 1870's.

From random reports of early writers the picture can be pieced together. Again quoting Philip Tome: "That morning [November, 1821, at Kinzua Creek near Smethport] Morrison and Whitcomb set 40 sable [pine marten] traps, called deadfalls; they were so constructed that when a sable came to eat the bait a small log would fall and kill them." At the month's end, "The receipts were 40 sable skins and 15 deer skins at 75 cents each."

Also, "My brother killed from twenty five to thirty elk and twenty to twenty five bear each year . . . and one season I killed thirty five elk." [1816-21, between Olean and Warren on the Allegheny River.]

"About the middle of September, when the corn was sufficiently large for roasting, the bears were in a habit of coming to the island for it. . . . A boy belonging to a neighboring family came to us saying that there were three bears in one of their cornfields pulling down the corn and requested me to come and kill them." [Tioga County, about 1820.]

From Meshack Browning: "The sheep gave me more trouble than all the rest; for if they happened to be out of their pen for only one night, it was ten chances to one that the wolves killed at least one of them. But they seldom made much at this business; for if they killed a sheep or a calf for me, in two or three nights after I would catch one of them in a steel trap; and his scalp, being worth eight dollars, was equal to the price of four sheep." [Garret County, Maryland, about 1825.]

The frontier was a world of its own, a unique situation where a full-blown civilization was intruding itself into a virgin wilderness. A progressive wave lapping ever westward, it lasted little more than a generation in any one spot.

From our vantage point in time we sometimes feel that much has been irrevocably lost by a too hasty people. Perhaps if the wolf were bringing down our sheep, or the panther had his fangs in our economic throat, we might feel a little differently. It's folly to try to turn the clock back, but it is always a wise policy to look back and profit from what we see there.

Hushed stands of cherry, pine, and hemlock, needle-soft to the feet, with columned trunks arching to a smoke-green sky and slanted with dusty sunlight, are with us in a few spots yet today. Somehow they have managed to escape the logger's ax. That they are needed for more than floor joists is

[Turn to page 269]

ARCHEOLOGICAL CONFERENCE AT POWDERMILL NATURE RESERVE

JAMES L. SWAUGER
DON W. DRAGOO

ON September 9 and 10, Carnegie Museum's Powdermill Nature Reserve played host to 19 top experts on the archeology of the eastern United States. Gathered to talk with one another about common problems and probable fruitful lines of investigation, this distinguished group represented 18 institutions in 13 states. Those who attended were:

- Raymond S. Baby, Ohio State Museum
- Ripley P. Bullen, Florida State Museum
- Douglas S. Byers, Phillips Academy,
Andover, Mass.
- Joseph R. Caldwell, Illinois State Museum
- Joffre Coe, University of North Carolina
- John Cotter, National Park Service,
Philadelphia
- James B. Griffin, University of Michigan
- Alfred K. Guthe, Rochester Museum of Arts and
Sciences
- James Keller and A. R. Kelly,
University of Georgia
- Fred Kinsey and John Witthoft
Pennsylvania State Museum
- Ben C. McCary, William and Mary College
- William J. Mayer-Oakes,
Stovall Museum, Norman, Okla.
- Carl F. Miller, Smithsonian Institution
- Sigfus Olafson,
West Virginia Archeological Society,
Larchmont, N. Y.
- William A. Ritchie, New York State Museum
- Irving Rouse, Yale University
- Marian E. White, Buffalo Museum of Science

The gathering had its genesis in a discussion during the executive committee meeting at the Eastern States Archeological Federation's annual meeting, held at Wilmington, Delaware, in November, 1958. At that meeting, several persons commented on

the obvious and regrettable lack of time for productive argumentation. Papers to give and hear, committee meetings to attend, the many people to greet, travel complications, and other activities prevent sustained conversations not only among small groups but often between individuals who very much wish to talk together.

Among possible solutions advanced to alleviate this situation was the suggestion that there be a gathering of able laymen and active professionals apart from other meetings and in a place providing a minimum of interference with continued discussions. We suggested that Carnegie Museum's Powdermill Nature Reserve might be such a locale.

The Director of Carnegie Museum approved the suggestion that an archeological meeting be held at Powdermill, and by January, 1959, we were busy organizing what was finally entitled the 1959 Carnegie Museum Conference on Eastern Archeology.

Participants were nominated by a small committee chosen by us as important and influential in eastern archeology. We asked: "We request nominations of not more than 19 individuals . . . whom you consider outstanding in eastern archeology and with whom you would like to spend two days arguing about common problems." We also asked opinions concerning optimum time to hold a meeting and programing likely to be most productive. Each of us and Mayer-Oakes, as current president of the Eastern States Archeological Federation, suggested certain persons for possible invitations as well.



THE DISTINGUISHED GROUP OF ARCHEOLOGISTS ENJOYING A WOODLAND DISCUSSION

Sixty-four names were submitted as candidates for invitations. The 20 with the highest number of votes were invited. Fortunately for us, the members of the nominating committee were all in the top 20; it would have been most embarrassing to have to leave them out! In addition, we invited Olafson as a special guest since, as president of the West Virginia Archeological Society, he has been a valued friend of Carnegie Museum for many years.

Of the 21 persons invited, 20 said they would attend. The 21st, Albert C. Spaulding of the University of Michigan, regretted that a commitment for a trip to Africa would prevent his attendance. As events proved, 19 of the 21 invited did attend. Dorothy Cross, of the New Jersey State Museum, became ill the day before the conference opened and could not make the journey to Powdermill.

We asked each invitee if he would give us his opinion on a date for the gathering and on programing to correlate with those of the members of the nominating committee. The consensus was that September 9 and 10 were

days acceptable to more persons than any other dates suggested. The program should be as informal as possible. No one wanted formal papers. None desired rigid scheduling of sessions or subjects. Many indicated they were tired of long sessions devoted to exhaustive discussions of single sites. Most said they preferred a program with general topics, concerning which discussions could roam at will on high levels.

The program finally developed was as follows:

9 September, A.M.—PALEO-INDIAN CULTURES IN THE EAST

Joffre Coe, moderator

P.M.—ARCHAIC CULTURES IN THE EAST

William A. Ritchie, moderator

10 September, A.M.—WOODLAND CULTURES IN THE EAST

John Witthoft, moderator

P.M.—GENERAL PROBLEMS AND THEORY

Irving Rouse, moderator

True to the principle that this program was only suggestive and could be modified and

redirected as the participants considered desirable, the fourth session was a continuation of discussions of Woodland Cultures rather than Problems and Theory as originally planned.

Within this framework, talk went on three nights and two days, for most participants arrived at Powdermill on September 8. Every effort was made to keep the conference informal and the participants relaxed. Everyone attending was housed in the Powdermill buildings. Breakfast and lunch were eaten at Powdermill. To provide a change of scenery and a departure from the not-so-rigorous camp life of Powdermill, dinners were held at the Laurel Ridge Hotel in Laughlintown. On successive late afternoons, two members of the board of managers of Powdermill entertained the conference members. On Wednesday we were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence C. Woods, Jr. On Thursday, Mrs. A. W. Schmidt and her son Tom were our hostess and host.

In what we think was a most restful and genial atmosphere, speakers felt free to propound their cherished theories for consideration and probable refutation by their colleagues. None was cautious in his efforts to arrange ideas set forth by others in the framework of his own understanding. In their attempts to formulate theories that might spark investigation, people were free to advance ideas that for the moment seemed to have more basis in intuition than in fact. There was no formal recording of discussions or conclusions. There will be no publications of results of the conference. The ideal at Powdermill was untrammelled discussion, and the ideal was certainly attained.

Dr. Swauger is assistant director of Carnegie Museum and curator of the Section of Man, of which Dr. Dragoo is assistant curator. Both have been working on the Museum's recent program concentrating on local archeological research.

In consequence, it is difficult to assess the results of the conference in tangible form. Many ideas were tossed into the general soup of theory in eastern archeology. Several general areas of agreement in chronological and typological definition were reached. Conversely, it was apparent that there were areas in which no consensus has been reached among these competent men, intent on solving common problems but viewing and approaching them along different avenues. Nothing came from the conference to be presented as direct results in maps and charts and pamphlets.

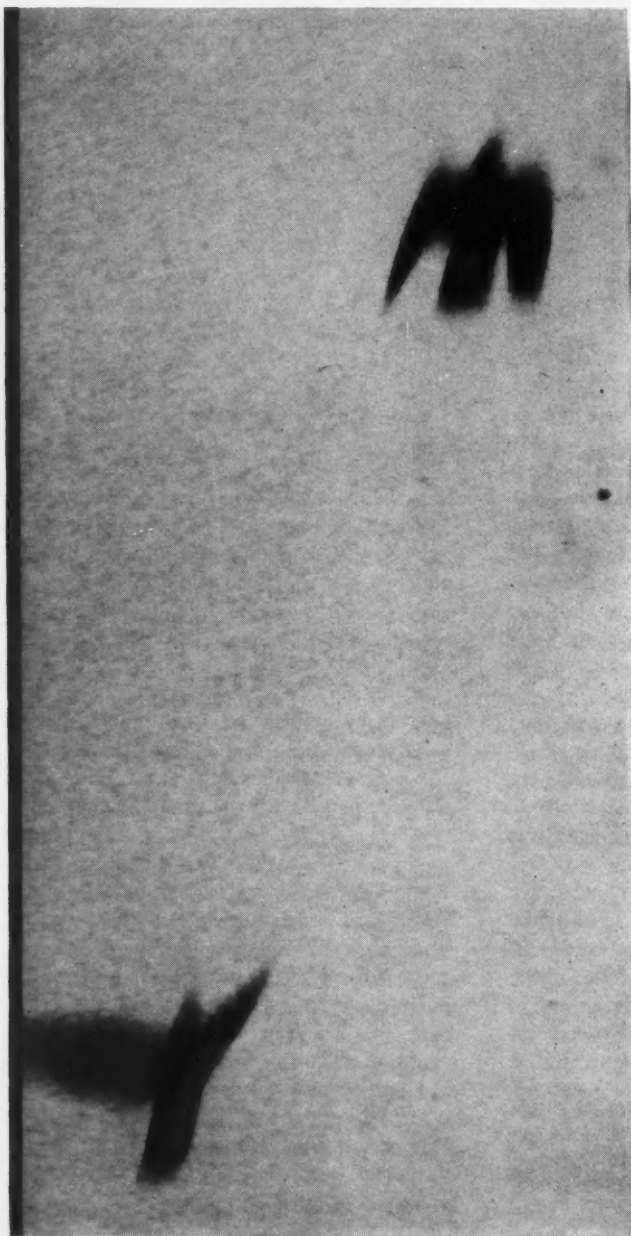
We think, however, that monuments to the conference will be erected in good time. In publications yet to be written, in chronologies not yet formalized, in theories now struggling to be born, ideas that floated in the air at Powdermill will finally come to rest. And this, of course, is reward enough for us.

THE FLINTLOCK FOREST

[Continued from page 266]

seen in every church where man has tried to capture in his architecture the spirit of the high-vaulted forest of an earlier time. Wolves, panthers, and buffalo need concern us no longer. But their passing should teach us that very little in this changing world has any permanence; that if we want wilderness areas to survive anywhere, it can be done only by constant vigilance, by conserving those things that belong to us not as individuals but as a people. The admission of Alaska, the last frontier state, makes this question more than an academic one.

A stuffed wolf, a set of bone-white antlers, a passenger-pigeon egg make a pitiful legacy, but they give us pause to think, and they teach an almighty lesson in conservation.



The shape of flight

The shapes of things that fly have always been determined by the materials they are made of. Feathers form wings that are basically alike for all birds—and membrane forms an entirely different wing for insects. It takes thousands of years, but nature improves its materials and shapes, just as technology improves the materials and shapes of aircraft. But here, the improvements in materials are so rapid that designs become obsolete almost as soon as they become functional.

Today, our aeronautical designers and missile experts work with types of materials that didn't exist just a few short years ago. Steels are probably the most important examples: United States Steel has just developed *five* new types of steel for the missile program. They are called "exotic" steels because they have the almost unbelievable qualities necessary for unearthly flights.

The shape and the success of our space birds depend on steel.

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THE BUTLER STREET GATE WITH TOWERS AND TREES PROVIDES A PREFACE TO LOCAL HISTORY

A PITTSBURGH PANTHEON: ALLEGHENY CEMETERY

JAMES D. VAN TRUMP

THE pantheon, or burial place of the famous dead, is, at least in America, more often a garden than a building, and Pittsburgh's Allegheny Cemetery, founded in 1844, has a primal and honored position in this relatively new tradition of verdant sepulture. A green necropolis of three hundred acres inhabited by some ninety-one thousand members of that great company of "those who have gone before," it was once suburban, even rural; now surrounded by the vast clamor of the city, it still preserves a peaceful remoteness. Adorned with mausoleums in most of the architectural styles, guarded by angels of bronze or granite, it is, for Pittsburghers, a place of memory and honors, an ever green textbook of local history, since many of the city's great are buried here.

The modern cemetery—the word means

literally a place of sleeping—has an ancestry that dates back to early Christian times. In the West, until the beginning of the nineteenth century, interments took place either on ecclesiastical premises or in family plots, the church graveyard being the usual place of burial. After 1800, these urban churchyards, like the older quarters of the cities, became overcrowded, even unsanitary, and new quarters for both the living and the dead had to be found "beyond the walls," as it were. A curious parallel thus exists between the development of the Romantic garden suburb and its counterpart, the rural cemetery. The winding roads, the leafy glades, the lake with willows, became standard features of suburban towns as well as cemeteries. Both vast dormitory parks, they differed, very often, only in the degree of sentience of their inhabitants and the ele-

gance of their appointments.

The first cemetery of the garden type in this city (indeed, it was only the fourth of its kind in America), Allegheny was preceded in foundation by Boston's Mount Auburn (1831), Philadelphia's Laurel Hill (1836), and Brooklyn's Greenwood (1838). As early as 1834 a group of local citizens had considered the feasibility of a rural cemetery, but it was not until ten years later that the project became a reality with the purchase of the Bayard estate, at that time some distance from the city, at Lawrenceville, a small town on the Allegheny River. This plot, with subsequent additions, occupies a sloping hillside tract bounded by Penn Avenue, Butler Street, Stanton Heights, and other properties adjacent to Forty-Sixth Street.

John Chislett (1800-69), the foremost architect of early Pittsburgh, was appointed the first superintendent, and it was he who laid out the grounds in the fashionable Romantic English landscape style. He designed the Butler Street gate and lodge (1848), which was augmented in 1870-73 by a towered chapel (Barr and Moser, architects). These buildings constitute one of the pleasantest monuments of the Gothic Revival in Pittsburgh and an appropriate introduction to the cemetery. In 1886-87, a similar group designed by Macomb and Dull in the Richardsonian Romanesque style was erected at the Penn Avenue entrance, which has since been supplemented by modern classical gates.

The list of incorporators looks like a who's who of early industrial Pittsburgh—forty citizens of prominence served on the first board. Bakewell, Speer, Biddle, Denny, Robinson, Eichbaum, Avery, Schoenberger, Painter, Laughlin, Holmes, and Howe were among the number, and these families, as a matter of course, acquired burial lots. The

roster of successive boards is studded with equally prominent names, and in some cases membership has assumed almost a hereditary quality. Eminence descends also to the monuments in the cemetery, and a trip through Allegheny is like a tour of a select residential suburb.

This great suburb of eternity is not only a social chronicle, but a kind of pattern book of American nineteenth-century taste. The elaborately carved headstones, the columns and the mausoleums ranged along serpentine, wooded roads, speak eloquently of changing artistic fashions. The oldest mausoleum—that of the Moorheads—is a fantastic domed structure of no particular provenance, but later tomb-houses adhere more rigidly to various styles of the past. The great families of Pittsburgh are here sumptuously housed in death as they were in life—the Lockharts favored the Egyptian manner, the Chalfants a chapel that recalls French Rationalist architecture of the late eighteenth century; the Byers family has a magnificent Doric temple, the Bindleys a circular Renaissance rotunda. J. B. Ford (1811-1903), founder of Ford City, is housed in a granite pavilion that is a wonderfully ornate mixture of several styles. The most interesting and elegant of these buildings is a Palladian columbarium and mausoleum built c. 1890 and now largely disused, whose gentle decay and forlorn columns suggest a shadowed corner of some great eighteenth-century English garden.

The carved headstones and the columns which lie between the tomb-houses also exhibit differences of form and style. Sometimes sculptured portraits of the deceased, as in the O'Neill monument, pensively look down from their granite pedestals, but for the most part angels and female allegorical figures compose the sculptural population of the place. Corinthian columns, obelisks,

Gothic canopies, Rococo urns, and Celtic crosses jostle one another among the sycamores, cypresses, and elms in a fascinating potpourri of stylistic motives and botanical specimens highly characteristic of the nineteenth century. Nowhere does the modern visitor lack for variety of vista.

In this great book of the dead, the historian, as well, cannot complain because of monotony of reference. Some of the graves—like that of Stephen Collins Foster (1826-64), Pittsburgh's beloved composer—are objects of public pilgrimage, and that of the noted actress, Lillian Russell Moore (1861-1922) is also much inquired after by sightseers. The first mayor of Pittsburgh, Ebenezer Denny (1761-1822) lies here, as well as several of his successors in office, including John Darragh (d. 1828), Christopher L. Magee (1848-1901), and George W. Guthrie (1848-1917). Among the generals buried here we may note Alexander Hays (1820-64), James Scott Negley (1826-1901), John Neville (1731-1803), and William Robinson (1785-1868). There is a monument to the naval hero Joshua Barney (1759-1818), and another to Galbraith Perry Rodgers (1879-1912), an early aviator. Interred in Allegheny are prominent lawyers, such as George Shiras (1852-1924), a justice of the United States Supreme Court, and William Darlington (1815-89), who was also a historian. The democracy of the grave includes Bishop Cortlandt Whitehead (1842-1922) of the Episcopal Church, the Reverend Charles Avery (1784-1858), philanthropist, and Harry K. Thaw (1871-1947), who was involved in a famous drama of love and death. A minor footnote to national history is the stone that marks the grave of Martha

Mr. Van Trump continues his study of Pittsburgh landmarks with this article on the Allegheny Cemetery. He has just compiled a guide to Pittsburgh architecture that will appear next month in *Charette*.

Custis Williams Moorhead, great-granddaughter of Martha Washington, who died in 1884, aged one year. This is but a small sampling of notable names, and the list continues like a litany of our social history—Wilkins, Mellon, Scaife, Vandergrift, Hunt, Oliver.

There is a monument commemorating the dead of the Arsenal explosion of 1862, and a larger one erected in 1937 as a memorial to the many service men who lie here.

As a chapter in American artistic taste as well as a commemorative reflection of Pittsburgh history, Allegheny Cemetery is a document of great importance, and it is fortunate that its essential character, unlike that of the earthly mansions of the deceased, can be preserved. Maintenance, however, is now more expensive than it used to be, and the trend is toward abandonment of the field of varied monuments for the level lawn with flush grave markers. Again, the new pantheon seems to be leaving the garden to return to the building, and the Cemetery has plans for a two-and-a-half-million-dollar marble Temple of Memories, a sort of multiple-dwelling mausoleum to be erected near Penn Avenue. Death is not mutable, but fashions in interment change.

But whatever changes there may be, the angels, the obelisks, and the cypresses will still commemorate the illustrious dead. Here the kingdoms of this world are only shadows of granite, phantoms of the vernal leaf: all triumphs or disasters, praise, anger, hate, the grandeurs and the failures of love, are reduced to memory in quietude—"a green thought in a green shade." The humble lie here, too, even those who have no memorial of greatness, and the place is thus a pantheon of the total human condition and a guardian of its mortality. As long as the dead are honored, Allegheny Cemetery will have a place in the history of Pittsburgh.



Scottish Room, University of Pittsburgh

PITTSBURGH'S *International flavor*

"In Scottish honesty of purpose, and with a speller, a calculator, Horace and the Psalms of David, they came across the Atlantic, over the twisting Allegheny trails, into Pittsburgh . . . that their children might know a fuller life."

AGNES L. STARRETT

That fuller life included an opportunity for higher education, and the men of the bagpipe and the plaid lost no time in starting Pittsburgh on its way to becoming a university center of world note.

In 1787, a charter was granted to the Pittsburgh Academy, forerunner of the University of Pittsburgh. It was Scotland-born Hugh Henry Brackenridge, Pittsburgh *Gazette* publisher and politician, who fought the battle for public funds through the Pennsylvania legislature; and the list of the school's incorporators read like a roll call of the clans. Named as the first principal of the Academy was George Welch, followed by Robert Steele and Robert Bruce—all Scotsmen.

Not only were the early governors and faculty of the University mostly of Scottish Presbyterian heritage, the curriculum of the new school was based on that of the Scottish universities. In addition to basic courses of English, "mathematicks," penmanship, bookkeeping and French, the program included natural, civil and ecclesiastical history; astronomy; natural philosophy; logic; moral philosophy and chronology—the Scottish "sacred six."

Today our city boasts two universities and three colleges within its boundaries. Their faculties and students come from every nation and every heritage, but the foundations laid by the Scots demand recognition in this bicentennial year.



TRADEMARKS: SOMETHING OF VALUE

BRICE CARTER, JR.

MANY a company is known by the trademark it keeps. A trademark may consist of a device, picture, word, or phrase, or any combination of these elements. It is a symbol adopted and used by manufacturers or dealers to identify their merchandise and distinguish it from goods made or sold by others.

Advertising and technology are the most important stimuli to mass production, and mass production is the key to the American standard of living. Our standard of living is at least one measure of our country's greatness, its influence in world affairs, its security and progress. And all this involves one of advertising's most effective tools, the trademark.

The first trademarks were the hallmarks used by early artisans to identify their products. History records them as one of the oldest devices for marking goods to indicate ownership and to designate quality. Some of the earliest marks have been found in China. Vases from Italy and Greece are treasured, bearing marks of the fifth and fourth century B.C. Saucers and bowls nearly four thousand years old, bearing their owner's marks, have been unearthed. Crude implements of the potter, the shopkeeper, and the cultivator of the soil began to show the craftsman's imprint from time to time. Around thirteen to twelve hundred years B.C., mercantile marks began to appear. Thus, on more than one continent and con-

tinuously throughout the history of the races, the urge to identify personal manufacture, whether by individuals or groups, has been evidenced by use of trademarks.

Trademarks as we know them today indicate the origin of goods of a particular manufacturer. They have survived because they encourage high-class workmanship and put a premium upon performance. The genesis of this idea has been growing for many centuries. An early instance of it was the matter of swan marks.

In old England, the swan was a protected bird, the meat of cygnets being highly esteemed for the table. The practice in the 1400's and thereabouts was to provide books of record for the marks on swans. Marks were placed upon the bills of the birds and could be applied only in the presence of certain officials. The marks were then carefully recorded, and ownership of the birds followed accordingly. The courts of the day enforced these regulations under severe penalty, and the practice of recording marks gained impetus among our English forefathers.

A similar practice has long been prevalent in our western country, with the branding of young calves to indicate their ownership.

Pittsburgh has long been noted as a rich, fertile, industrial city, with its discovery of coal and petroleum, its history of glass manufacture and story of steel. It was not, however, until October 25, 1870, that a Pittsburgh industry registered the city's first trademark. Evans, Clow, Dalzell, and Company, manufacturers of wrought-iron pipe at that time, received the sixth United States trademark registration. Since that year, more than 350,000 trademarks have been

Mr. Carter has been a librarian in the Technology Department of Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh the past two years, and formerly was assistant librarian at Albany State College in Georgia. He is a graduate of Morehouse College in Atlanta and holds the M.S.L.S. from Atlanta University.



registered with the United States Patent Office in Washington, D. C. The law permitting manufacturers or sellers to register their trademarks provides a legal claim to ownership and thus protects the trademark's commercial worth, which may prove to be a priceless piece of property for a company. Trademark designs and their owners may be checked in the Technology Department at Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh.

A number of trademarks have become so well known that we immediately think of the company they represent whenever we see them. Modern companies are building their business on confidence, and the trademark symbolizes their badge of honor. It has been hailed as the most powerful silent salesman of advertising. While advertising helps to sell through stressing the desirability of a particular product, it is the trademark that enables one to identify the actual merchandise. But the trademark is more than just an identification; it is a seal which guarantees the particular product or

service is genuinely that of the manufacturer and of consistently good quality. It assures the public that all products bearing the particular trademark are always of a high standard.

A well-known trademark is the sign of the 57, representing the H. J. Heinz Company, of Pittsburgh, carried universally by the most modern modes of communication — television, radio, newspapers, magazines, and billboards. The primary trademarks of the Aluminum Company of America are the word "ALCOA" and the Alcoa shield. Very familiar is "Westinghouse" and "Circle W." The USS trademark is recognized by the vast majority of people. Among all trademarks tested, that of the United States Steel Corporation was second in public recognition only to the GE of General Electric Company.

These and a large number of Pittsburgh industries have for years been potent forces not only in the community but in all parts of the world. No matter where Pittsburghers

travel, they are apt to find themselves surrounded by familiar trademarks.

A trademark must be an effective spokesman for a company, must create confidence in that company and its products. In our daily living the trademark has come to stand for something specific in quality, price, performance, durability, and dependability.

Manufacturers realize that their trademarks need to keep abreast of the times to be effective, and so there is a strong trend toward redesign. Among important factors that stimulate trademark modernization are the increase of self-service stores, television, company mergers, product diversification, the requirement for new products, and competition from manufacturers. Considerable attention must be given to the essential attributes of the trademark—simplicity, distinctiveness, flexibility, and also practicality.

An integral part of the American way of life, the trademark is essential to an evolving civilization that is progressing toward greater social well-being. It has been wisely stated that the trademark is the life blood of free enterprise. And in a democratic society such as ours, with the belief that what is satisfactory today can be made better tomorrow, the trademark is a valuable asset.

TIME TO MAKE PLANS FOR TOURS OF THE BUILDING

GROUPS of ten or more residents of Allegheny County, adults or children, may enjoy conducted tours of Carnegie Institute generally, or of special exhibits, by making arrangements with the Division of Education ahead of time. This service is given without charge. There is a fee of 30¢ for a 45-minute tour, 60¢ for a 90-minute tour, for visitors from outside the County. Telephone Mayflower 1-7300, Extension 251.

JUNIOR LEAGUE BALL

THE first ball ever given by the Junior League of Pittsburgh in its thirty-seven-year history will be held October 23 in Carnegie Music Hall under joint sponsorship with the Junior Council, Women's Committee of the Department of Fine Arts of Carnegie Institute.

Lavish preparations are under way for a gala evening that will feature a musical revue to be televised by KDKA-TV from the stage of Music Hall, supper in the Hall of Architecture, and dancing in the neo-Baroque marble Foyer to the music of Benny Benack's orchestra. Rumors as to decorations include gilt cupids eight feet tall holding a thousand long-stemmed roses.

Tickets are priced at \$30.00 per couple and \$50.00 for patrons. As a special inducement, patrons' cars will be parked! Proceeds from the ball will go to community projects financed by the Junior League.

ONE WORLD AT CHRISTMAS

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YENDAMALAHOUN

RICHARD M. FOX

CIVILIZATION is reaching into nearly all the odd corners of the world. Primitive peoples and primitive areas are rapidly disappearing. Last year I was fortunate enough to be able to visit one of the remoter, less progressive regions in Liberia on the African West Coast.

Liberia is well settled near the coast. The traveler disembarking at Monrovia, the capital and principal seaport, will find a modern city with telephones, electricity, a municipal water system, and paved streets. But only a few miles inland there begins the vast Guinea rain forest, a far-reaching tongue of the tropical forest of the Congo basin. Here the tribesmen huddle into villages for mutual protection against unknown terrors. Here they live their lives just as have their forebears for centuries. During the past decade some roads have been put through this region, and a few airstrips have been constructed. Near these routes of communication, civilization touches the people with its not always savory finger, modifying the old ways. But, on the whole, the hinterland is much as it was when Arab slave-raiders swept in from the north three hundred years ago.

My own mission to this land was to study the ancient medical lore of the tribes, believing that here and there among the magic and superstitions handed down through the generations there might be something useful to Western medicine. We were four on the trip to Yendamalahoun. Old Tar, the cook, had been with me since I first had come to Liberia nearly four years earlier; he is a culinary wizard whether with imported store-bought food or with "chop" foraged from the land, whether with an

electric stove or with a camp fire. Varnie is a driver-mechanic of many skills, including a working knowledge of many of the hinterland languages — of which there are twenty-two! And he developed a keen interest in collecting butterflies. The fourth and perhaps the key member of our safari was James Kollie.

James is taller than most coastal Liberians and very handsome by any standards. He is an all-round good mechanic: carpentry, masonry, blacksmithing, electric wiring, electric machinery, power tools. Perhaps, with his inherent intelligence and interests, he would have made a fine engineer had he the same advantages of education and social background you and I have had. He is a product of Yendamalahoun, the hinterland village where his father had been Clan Chief over twenty villages of the Gbandi tribe in the remote fastness of the northwestern corner of Liberia, only a few miles

Dr. Fox, research associate in the Museum's section of insects and spiders, has spent the greater part of the past five years in Liberia. From 1954 to 1957 he was medical entomologist and acting director of the Liberian Institute of Tropical Medicine. Last year he was appointed director of field research for Riker Laboratories, Inc., and in that capacity spent another eighteen months in Liberia studying native medicine.

He received the doctorate in zoology from the University of Pittsburgh and did his undergraduate work at the University of Pennsylvania and Swarthmore. During World War II he served with the Navy in the Pacific. Previously he had done research at the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia and been curator of the Mengel collection at Reading Public Museum. He is author of numerous technical publications on research in systematic and medical entomology and in medical parasitology.

away from British Sierra Leone and in sight of Guinea. His uncle is the present Clan Chief there.

When he told me that he had not visited his village and his family for six years, I promptly offered to take him there if he, in turn, would give me the proper introductions to enable me to collect information on native medicines.

During the past few months the Liberian government has completed a fine new road to Voinjama, the nearest large town to Yendamalahoun, and from Monrovia one now can drive there comfortably within a day. Eighteen months ago, when we made the trip, it was possible to reach Voinjama by car only by making a long detour through French (now the Republic of) Guinea, and then only if the car were a jeep.

Three days of driving from Robertsfield, Liberia's international airport, by way of Ganta on the frontier, 'Nzerekore and Macenta in Guinea, brought our jeep to Voinjama over roads that progressed from good

but dusty, through fair, poor, bad, worse, to impossible. The last twenty-five miles were a mere hand-hewn track through the forest, with no cuts or fills. Grades generally had zigzag erosions more than eighteen inches deep and several feet wide. Every valley was swampy, and the roadbed was sticks and tree limbs laid side by side. Streams were bridged by round logs. Sometimes there were enough to form a single lane; sometimes there were only four logs, sometimes only two—one for each pair of wheels. At one place we decided to remove the logs entirely and ford the stream.

In Voinjama, a spacious town set among forested hills, we spent the night as guests of the District Commissioner, and completed arrangements for the two days of walking ahead. Early in the morning we made up our gear into ten head loads of fifty to eighty pounds each, and each was apportioned to one of the ten porters supplied by the District Commissioner. Leaving the jeep in the government compound,



we set off on the old tribal trail from Voinjama to Lawalazu, a bush village of Loma people three hours' walk away.

In the hinterland the tribal trails are the real highways. They are maintained by the people just as they have been for centuries, each village responsible for upkeep of each trail for half the distance to the next village. The undergrowth and limbs are cut back to make a kind of tunnel through the trees, about five feet wide and perhaps seven or eight feet high. In agricultural areas when the people "cut bush" to "make farm," trees along the trail are allowed to stand so that one walks in deep shadows and the coolness of the forest, even through open fields. Larger streams are bridged by felling a convenient tree across and lopping off the limbs. Even without an eighty-pound head load, one needs a good sense of balance and a firm will to make the crossing. Rivers of any size are spanned by "monkey bridges," suspension bridges made of vines. One just wades across lesser waters.

Have you ever walked behind porters? If ever you do, I suggest you be sure to be in top-flight physical condition. The custom in Liberia is that a party of porters—each paid at three cents an hour—carries only to the next large town, where the chief is responsible for supplying a fresh lot of porters. Consequently at each town there are endless delays and bickerings—the African dearly loves a "palavar"—which it is neither possible nor courteous to expedite. And worse, one is constantly setting out behind a fresh group of sturdy and athletic young men, after one has already been completely worn out by the incredible pace of the previous group. For us, this went on for two days: Voinjama to Lawalazu, Lawalazu to Tobogezu, Tobogezu to Yendamalahoun. I was especially sorry for little Tar, whose short legs had to go like pistons to keep up

with the party, and I could certainly sympathize with him; I expect neither of us is getting any younger. We barely dragged ourselves into Yendamalahoun.

Yendamalahoun is a hilltop fortress. The only two trails leading up to it are tortuous and steep; either could be guarded by two men and a boy against a tribal army. At the foot of this hill is the newly built schoolhouse, with the home for the teachers under construction beside it. Here James's mother, stepfather, and all his uncles, aunts, brothers, sisters, and cousins were gathered to meet us. The eldest son was home at last for a visit—a wonderfully warm and emotional welcome that included even me, the white man.

At last we ascended the steep grade to the town proper and were conducted to the official "palavar house," where old Clan Chief Mawalu rose from his hammock to his magnificent six feet to greet us. Here was a king indeed! His hair is white, his nose thin and hooked. His left eye had been lost in some forgotten accident, but his right eye twinkles and misses nothing. He was attired in a robe made from cotton "country cloth," white and black. How can I tell you of the regal impression this wonderful hinterland chieftain made on me? An ignorant black savage? Gracious, wise, unfailingly courteous, in complete control of his people—as I was able to observe during my stay in his realm—firm in his decisions, yet with a bubbling humor; possessed with the ability to lead his people, yet ever solicitous of their pride and their welfare. Born to the purple!

News and views were exchanged as we crowded in a circle around the fire in the middle of the floor under the smoke-blackened rafters. I was so tired that I remember little of the scene, except that I was made to feel very welcome, and that I was



THE APPROACH TO YENDAMALAHOUN

greatly relieved when James told me my house was ready for me.

Town Chief Koma led me to it. I learned later it was Koma's own house, vacated for my use. This is typical of tribal hospitality. My camp cot had been set up, the loads unpacked, and some semblance of order created. Somebody brought in a large native pineapple for me, and I fell to with my sheath knife. Never have I tasted anything so exquisite as that heavenly pineapple after a day of fast marching through the tropical heat! Then I stretched out on my cot to rest for a few minutes, and awoke some hours later when Tar brought in my hot bath water.

The house in which I lived for the next five days is typical of the Gbandi houses — perfectly round and about fifteen feet in diameter. Pole rafters form a network some eight feet above the hard clay floor. Above

this is the high, steep, conical roof made of bamboo poles lashed together with vines and neatly thatched with grass. I learned that this thatch is made by tying the grass to long, slender, vine ropes — a kind of endless grass skirt—on the ground. One continuous piece is made until it is deemed long enough for the whole job. Then the ends of the grass are trimmed evenly. One end of the vine is then tied to an overhanging eave pole. The people then pick up the whole bundle and walk around and around the house until it is neatly thatched with a spiral of closely woven grass, the end cut off and tied at the peak.

The walls below the rafters are clay, dried over a framework of poles set into the ground and connected with woven vines. Around half of the interior runs a hard clay ledge about a foot high from the floor level and about a foot deep. This serves as sitting

and storage space, and in bygone days it also served as a curved bed capable of accommodating quite a few people. Nowadays the people make wooden beds with grass mattresses, and the Gbandi make excellent chairs and tables. But the ledge is present because it has always been present. The front door is of panel construction, carefully fitted into a properly boxed frame. A civilized carpenter could have done little better—perhaps no better, as all the work here in Yendamalahoun, from tree to door inclusive, is done by hand. Opposite this door is a smaller, similarly finished opening, serving both as window and as back door.

The Gbandi are industrious, skillful people. Yendamalahoun, a town of forty houses, includes two carpenter shops, two blacksmith shops, two Singer sewing machines (!) and about six looms. Throughout Africa the sight of a tribesman just sitting, hour after hour, doing nothing and being quite content about it, is all too familiar. Not once did I see anyone idle in Yendamalahoun.

The town awakens before dawn. When the sun comes up, the men and younger women are already on their farm tracts that have been assigned by the Chief. They grow coffee, cotton, rice, pineapples, bananas, plantains, oranges, limes, alligator pears. Coffee and their excess of other products are sold at the markets in Guinea, just across the river, or in Sierra Leone. Liberian markets were then distant from this community, but the new road to Voinjama probably will revise the marketing system. They have several large herds of goats and a great many chickens and ducks. Meanwhile, the women too old to work on the farms have been doing the household chores. These completed, they are busy for the next few hours, ginning, carding, or spinning cotton. The thread thus laboriously made, in much the same fashion as

did our own ancestors in colonial America, is dyed with coloring from local plants. They use black, dark blue, yellow, and a rich red—all fast dyes.

About the middle of the afternoon the men and young women return from the farms and everyone has the principal meal: rice with meat gravy, and some fruit. While the women fetch water and wood and tend to the innumerable children, the men work in the carpenter shops, the blacksmith shops, at the sewing machines, or at the looms as long as daylight lasts. Then they gather around the fires, or outside when the moonlight is adequate, and spin more cotton yarn—and talk and talk. By ten o'clock the village is silent and sleeping until the next dawn.

Through James's good offices, Chief Malwalu gathered some of the *zo's* to tell me about native medicines and to bring me samples of the plants used for healing. The *zo* is the tribal physician, generally mis-called the "witch doctor." True, a great deal of magic and superstition is mixed in with the treatment of disease, and some treatments are divinely inspired by dreams—but this aspect of the tribal materia medica is pretty much the equivalent of the bedside manner and the psychosomatic approach of our own physicians. Almost always the *zo* uses his medicines for the benefit of the people. The pin-in-doll voodoo is a debased version. I never saw it in Liberia, although I have been told it exists.

Throughout my stay in Yendamalahoun the people were cordial and friendly. They allowed me to observe and to photograph all aspects that I wished of village life and of their arts and crafts. Almost every evening a group would visit me in my hut for an hour or so, dressed in their best robes. One evening I counted twenty-three persons sitting in my house. Through an inter-



Richard M. Fox

CLAN CHIEF MAWALU OF THE GBANDI TRIBE

preter we would discuss crops, markets, the weather, the latest gossip from the coast. Once in a while one of the older men would launch into a long folk tale for my benefit. They freely answered my questions about their customs, and I would try to answer theirs about America and the vast world beyond their immediate horizon — which they knew about but did not quite believe existed. Tribal hospitality exceeds by far our civilized hospitality; I was the special responsibility of James's family, apparently. Daily they showered me with little gifts, usually food of some sort, such as a pail of rice, a chicken, a pair of ducks, pineapples, and the like. The prize gift was a large roll of the beautifully dyed and woven country cloth made in that town. This cloth is woven into long strips about five inches wide, the strips then being sewed together edge to edge to make a robe or a bedspread.

Finally the time came when we had to

leave. Almost every evening there had been thunderstorms, indicating the advent of the rainy season. The farewells were lengthy and touching. Chief Mawalu made a little speech to thank me for visiting them and for bringing James back to see them, and to tell me I would be welcome to visit at any time — and I think he meant it. James's mother embraced me as though I were her own son; I shook hands with every man in the village before I could leave.

Our homeward route was the same as our outbound: walking behind porters to Voinjama, thence with our jeep through Guinea, arriving in Liberia at Ganta, and thence to Robertsfield. How we broke through the rotten logs of a "bridge," were rescued by a Mendingo chief and became his guests, is, as Kipling says, another story.

But in a valley in a high mountain pass between Macenta and 'Nzerekore, I experienced one of the real thrills of my entomo-

logical career. The road was passing through a small clearing in the high forest, the canopy of which was 150 feet up, so that the sun bathed some puddles. Clouds of butterflies rested beside these puddles, and, noting one in particular, I braked the jeep to a quick stop and grabbed the net.

There, gently fluttering its wings as it sipped the muddy water, was a female of the gigantic West African *Papilio antimachus*. From wing tip to wing tip it measures ten inches of orange, brown, and black coloring. It is extremely rare in collections. Few collectors have ever captured the female, as it usually haunts the forest canopy. The Carnegie Museum collection has 29 males, but none of the females. But there she was before me!

Quietly I stalked her, trying not to disturb the myriad other insects and thus give her

fright. As I neared and was about to trap her in my net, she lazily rose and effortlessly sailed up and down the road about fifteen feet from the ground—then in long, gliding spirals, sailed higher and higher and disappeared among the tree tops.

Well, at least I had seen her!

The road is through to Voinjama now. It is no longer necessary to use the incredible bush trails from Guinea to reach this corner of Liberia. Unquestionably this will overhaul the region's economy, will bring what we call progress: prosperity—and a great many troubles. I regret the passing of the old ways; I hope the new ways will not change the people of Yendamalahoun from their dignity, industriousness, and courtesy. Though pagans, they are in most respects better Christians than so-called civilized peoples.



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NEWs item: Pixie from Dixie Discovers Pittsylvania.

Back in the 1860's the South made some gallant attempts to invade the North and take Pittsburgh—leading to considerable bloodshed and ill-feeling all around. And then, when the North nodded, the real invaders from Dixie moved up and infiltrated the city. Today every Pittsburgh newspaper has on its staff Texans who love Pittsburgh's climate, Georgians and Kentuckians and Carolinians who have adopted us, and who even dislike to hear us criticizing ourselves! All sorts of thoroughly reconstructed and thoroughly delightful ex-Confederates now sing Pittsburgh's glories and tell her stories with a charming Southern accent, and with complete sincerity.

Most determined, most productive, most enthusiastic of these remarkable newsmen is, without doubt, George Swetnam. The Doctor (Ph.D. in Assyriology over a B.D. and a B.A.) is a Mississippi University, Hartford Seminary, and Columbia graduate who has not only occupied Western Pennsylvania; he has renamed it. "The Pittsylvania Country," he calls it in several of his books.

When he is not pouring out articles for the *Family Magazine* of *The Pittsburgh Press* (usually on local historical topics), he is mining new veins of long-forgotten local history, folklore, fable, scandal, and song.

His newest Bicentennial book, *Where else but Pittsburgh!* sings songs, tells tales, unearths some well-buried Pittsburgh bones, pronounces stern judgments, points with

pride, prophecies, and makes exciting reading altogether.

This reviewer was asked to read and report on *Where else but Pittsburgh!*—not as a historian, which the reviewer certainly is not, but as a native of this "Pittsylvania Country."

I have read the book. It is now 1:45 A.M.; this report is wanted tomorrow morning; and it's much too late to write a long review. But I don't have to. The hour proves that this little book is hard to put aside unfinished. Few will be able to do so.

Some readers will close its covers chuckling; and some will vow to visit the Historical Society more often. Some will be annoyed, and some quite angry indeed.

Readers most amused will be new Pittsburghers, and old Pittsburghers whose careful forebears seldom made the news. The most annoyed and indignant will be found among those whose sires and grandsires played major roles in political and financial dramas that were celebrated in the press and in the legislative chambers of their day. With some of these readers the author may have to make his peace for garnering front-page history—and for raising tired ghosts, long quieted, to walk again.

But many Pittsburghers, I think, will feel indebted to George Swetnam for his contribution to Western Pennsylvania's awareness of its colorful past, its dramatic resurgence, its great potential, and its own unique place in the sun. . . .

"Don't shoot that little Rebel, Sergeant . . . he's a Pittsylvania Yankee now!"

—C. V. S.

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